[fic] One Slow Night at Seattle Mercy Hospital.

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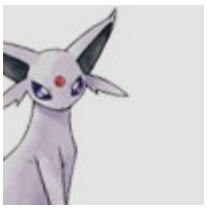

Title: One Slow Night at Seattle Mercy Hospital.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG? Yeah. PG.
Pairings/Characters: Dean/female!Crowley, Sam + Castiel + Lucifer + Gabriel + one poor hospital nurse.
Word Count: 1,869. >.<
Prompt: Supernatural; Dean/female!Crowley; in which an entire maternity ward freaks the fuck out.
Summary: In a Season Five AU where 5x19 didn't happen or hasn't happened (and Gabriel is following Team Free Will around kind of), where Dean and Crowley are in a relationship enough to get Crowley pregnant, and in a world where Lucifer would want to be there at his granddaughter's birth - one poor hospital nurse decides that she needs to keep an eye on the family waiting outside the room, because she doesn't want them to fight or something. Thankfully, it's a slow night.

Note: ravenspear prompted this at comment_fic and I couldn't. stop. writing. This is un-betaed, and is probably the weirdest take on the Outsider!POV angle that you've ever read. Probably.

I hope you enjoy it!

"I'm going to kill you for this, Winchester, you're going to suffer and I'll set Edith on you, I swear."

The nurse (Jennipher Ullmann, she'll have you know, and no, she doesn't like how it's spelled either) has heard it all, and yes, that's the sound of a mother preparing to go into labor, which means that she gets them to the room straight away and gets a doctor to them as soon as possible.

Jennipher stays in the room for a moment, looking with a practised eye to see that everything will go well, and that her nurses will help the doctor and family through, and she turns to return to the counter. (She can't be nursing all the time, and besides, she can't let poor Nancy be the clerk all the time, even if the budget isn't the best these days.)

It's been a slow night, quiet for once in the Maternity ward, except for the latest couple. She's almost to the counter and ready to get to her coffee when she hears the chanting of a thousand choirs. For a moment she's sure she's dreaming

or something (and maybe poor Nancy'll have to do the counter tonight after all) but then this man walks in and it stops.

She doesn't know him, but something about him screams 'dangerous, back away' and she's ready to call security at the drop of a hat.

"Excuse me," He says, and she nods. "My daughter is having a," he pauses for the smallest of seconds, "baby, and I want to be there for her."

"Name?"

"Sam Campbell," he says, and yes, he's smiling. Jennipher is going to pretend that the smile is a kind one, not a 'I'm going to eat you and your family tonight' one. "The mother's name is Crowley."

"Oh, her! Yes, right this way sir," Jennipher pretends that she's not freaked out at all and begins to head for the room when the door opens and a really tall man slides in.

"Excuse me!" He calls to her, and is he *glaring* at Mr. Campbell? Jennipher chalks it up to family tensions, because this is probably an uncle or something. "My brother, he ah, brought Crowley in - she's - " He can't seem to finish the sentence, either. Jennipher chalks that up to a soon-to-be uncle who isn't comfortable with the idea.

She takes his name down, and is ready to go. "This way, sir. This is Miss Crowley's father, by the way." She says, and leads them both off. She's going to ignore the death glares and muttered 'If you think this'll make me say yes I'll kill you,' and 'I'm here to see my granddaughter, Sam, that's all' behind her.

Nope, just normal family fight, that's what it is.

She lets them get a glimpse inside the room (only the Father-to-be is visible) and bars them from entering. "You may see them *after* the umbilical cord is cut and no sooner!" She says, and yeah, Nancy's going to have to stay at the counter. If she takes one step away from the door, one of them will probably try to go in, or kill the other, and she doesn't want to make this harder than necessary.

They refuse to leave the doorway's area, when she prompts them to use the waiting room, and so soon they're all leaning against the wall, waiting for a baby's wail.

It doesn't take long for whatever Mr. Winchester has to say to come out. He hasn't stopped glaring at him, and finally it seems that her presence isn't enough to deter him.

"If you do *anything* to the baby," He begins, looking furious.

"Sam, Sam, Sam...this is my granddaughter we're talking about. Can't we lay aside our differences for one happy occasion?"

"No." Mr. Winchester says. "I'll be watching you. One wrong move..."

Mr. Campbell shrugs. Jennipher is telling herself not to say anything, not to get involved. She doesn't want to know, not really.

Then there's Nancy at the end of the hallway, speaking to a man in a butt-ugly trenchcoat (Jennipher hates that color) and pointing at them. He nods and says something and approaches them, and Jennipher reconsiders the man. He has blue eyes and is wearing a suit, so he can't be all bad.

He nods to Mr. Winchester and glares at Mr. Campbell and stands on the opposite wall, watching all of them.

His stare is bright and blue and Jennipher wonders what it would be like if he looked at her like that, because she kinda likes it.

"You had to come too?" Mr. Winchester asks with a sigh. "Didn't Dean ask you to wait at the hotel?"

"I have never attended a birth before," ugly-trenchcoat-with-awesome-eyes says, and yeah, she'll need a name for later. And a number.

"Excuse me, sir," Jennipher says, and oops. Three pairs of eyes on her, and yeah, this isn't awkward. "What is your name?"

"Castiel."

"And relation to the family?"

"He's a friend," Mr. Winchester says quickly. "Friend of Dean's. Dean wouldn't mind it if he were here."

Jennipher nods and decides to get a number later, when she won't be glared at by Mr. Campbell (aka shark in a shirt and jeans, jesus he's creepy)

There is silence for about ten minutes, and she's beginning to wonder if she should head back to the front desk, as they don't look like they'll fight.

Jennipher's almost ready to say so when Castiel (Mr. Castiel? No, that doesn't feel right...) says something. "I was informed by Bobby and Gabriel that they would be here as soon as they could make it. Gabriel may not have been telling the truth."

Mr. Winchester nods, wincing slightly. "Bobby called me and told me too. I don't know if he'll be here soon enough, though."

"Excuse me, sirs," Jennipher says after a moment. "Unless there's a miracle, the baby won't be born in the next ten minutes. Would any of you be interested in the waiting room?"

"Only if he comes with us," Mr. Winchester says, pointing to Mr. Campbell, and to Jennipher's relief he nods.

"It won't make a difference, Sam." He says, and thankfully they all come quietly to the waiting room.

Which, not-so-thankfully, seems to be covered in confetti. And has a man seated in a plush chair that Jennipher *knows* wasn't there earlier. He waves at them, reading some tabloids, and from her small crowd's expressions, yeah, they know him.

"Gabriel," Sam says, and that would be exasperation. And a damn weird nickname, or an even weirder name. "The confetti is too much."

Jennipher silently thanks the heavens for a quiet night, as any other waiting family members who aren't waiting for this particular baby would probably not appreciate any of this crowd.

"You're welcome!" Gabriel-if-that-is-his-name says to her, too cheerfully.

"Don't." Mr. Winchester says, and she's silently relieved he's speaking up. "Don't make this any weirder than it is."

Gabriel shrugs with a smile and Jennipher will pretend for the rest of her life that she didn't see the confetti disappear like magic. She will pretend that it was never there, and that they all came in and entered quietly. Yes. (She is so going to look at her meds later. And her food. Because what on earth did she drink or take or what?) (Also, Mr. Campbell isn't sitting. He's staring at Gabriel. Jennipher doesn't want to know.)

"Yo, bro," Gabriel says to Castiel. He also gives Mr. Campbell a raised-eyebrow look. "And Lucy, hey, nice to see you being harmless."

"I was under the impression that you were slumming it, and had no intention of returning." Mr. Campbell has the weirdest tone in his voice, and Jennipher wants to know a bit more, but she jumps on her curiosity and strangles it. She is not going to ask about *anything*. Nuh-uh no way.

"Eh, I haven't decided." Gabriel shrugs, and where did he get the rainbow lollipop? "But a baby - that's always an occasion to drop by for, even if the mother is one of yours."

"Gabriel," Castiel says, and Jennipher almost jumps, because you can only keep track of so many intense people at once. "Dean made us promise not to discuss his choice of partners."

"Never made me promise, did he?" Gabriel grins. "Relax, Castiel, if you sit like that you'll strain something."

"I always sit like this."

Yeah, no, not what Jennipher thought she'd be listening to.

Fortunately for them all, though, Mr. Campbell is sitting down and has picked up one of the magazines.

"So, what name didja give 'em, Lucy?" Gabriel asks, and Jennipher frowns at him. Because Mr. Sam Campbell had better be Mr. Sam Campbell, or she'll have to escort him out. (She doesn't want to do that. He'd probably murder her or something.)

"Mr. Sam Campbell." She puts in, and oops. She didn't mean to say that. "Is his name. Right?" She can't take it back now, though.

Mr. Winchester straightens up, and is that another murderous glare? Jennipher is glad that she's sitting near the phone for security.

"Yes. One of them. I am afraid my brothers have given me the poor nickname of Lucifer, however." He smiles at her. She does not question why. She knows he's lying, and yeah, she isn't going to do a damned thing about it. She's terrified.

"Stop scaring the poor kid," Gabriel says, lightly, and she almost thanks him. "Seriously, lighten up. Otherwise Sammy there might pop a vein and then we'd be in real trouble."

"I was not attempting to scare her." Lucifer (because she sees why the nickname fits) says. She doesn't believe him.

Fortunately for them all, that's the moment when the ear-splitting screech of a newborn sounds, and as one, they all rise and go to the hallway outside The door.

She keeps them from entering, waits for the go ahead from the father, and lets them in.

That's when she splits for the counter, because no. No she will not go look at the baby or have anything more to do with that family. It makes her curious as all get out, but something in her screams to get away, and she trusts that something.

Jennipher later decides that he had never been more happy to wave a family out the door. Jennipher also decides that she won't tell anyone where the comfortable chair in the waiting room came from.

She does, however, freak out a little bit when a card arrives in the mail addressed to her in loopy sparkly ink that has a thank you card and a 'Castiel's number is...' and yeah.

She hasn't decided if she'll call him yet. She wants to. He had the most amazing blue eyes. And she can even tell him that Gabriel (or whoever he is) sent her his number.

She does, however, admire the photographs of the father and mother that were also in the card, and okay, she doesn't want to know why the baby has red eyes or why the mother looks annoyed, but they look okay, and the baby looks healthy.

And that, after all, is what's important.